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BOOKLET NO.1

Carols of Carolyn
by
Carolyn M. Lewis

F. K. STEARNS, Publisher, Detroit, Michigan



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Carols of Carolyn

Beverly Booklet Number I

CAROLS OF CAROLYN

BY

CAROLYN M. LEWIS

F. K. STEARNS, *Publisher*
Detroit, Michigan

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VI

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Dedicated to My Publisher

My friend, you are a rich man,
With wealth, a wondrous store—
With love and beauty round you,
And many a treasure more.
You've roses in your garden,
And laughter in your Hall—
And childish feet make twilight sweet
When life's long shadows fall.

Oh yes, you are a rich man,
Whose treasures have no end—
But I—I am as rich as you,
In having you, a Friend.

—*Carolyn M. Lewis*

The author's thanks for permission to reprint certain of the poems included in this collection are due to the Editors of the New York Times, New York Sun, St. Louis Post-Dispatch, Los Angeles Saturday Night, and other publications.

Introduction

In this work-a-day world of business and hurry and worry and ephemeral things, so many of us are apt to bury somewhat the God-given capacity inherent in us as human beings, the capacity to thrill to all that is beautiful, tender, glad, gentle and sweet in Life. We surely cannot be other than grateful, however, when a few gifted ones rise here and there and lift their voices in happy song, giving us glimpses of the lasting and true. This is what Carolyn M. Lewis has done, and one feels that it must have been a pleasure indeed to Mr. Stearns to have published this sparkling cluster of gems, a selection from the many delightful poems that Mrs. Lewis has written. One is sure that there is much in the following simple, unassuming verses, redolent as they are with Love and Life and the wonderful glories of Nature, that will strike a responsive chord on the heartstrings of many who read them. Mrs. Lewis is quite young, is a busy housewife, the mother of three little ones, and lives in the small town of Saratoga, Texas. From this quiet spot, she has sung of the beauties of God's world, and, before such loveliness, the man-made luxuries and material things that mortals are prone to think so necessary for happiness, pale into insignificance. Hers is inspired thought, and inspiration is never dependent on environment or earthly conditions, but is always the expression of a soul that looks out with understanding eyes, having united and become in tune with the great Father-Mind that stands eternally back of the Universe.

F. B. T.

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Dream Time

'Neath the bare trees a carpet thick is shed
Of fallen leaves, brittle and curled and brown.
Asters' pale gold like holy fire is shed,
And all along the road whose flowers are dead
The sumac's fire is blown.
Only the pines stand green and glorious still—
And they are webbed with silver threads of
dreams.

The wind is stitching up her long cloak's seams
With that strange perfume that the balsams spill.

Now is the dream-time—then with you alone
I love to be—when chilly stars do climb.
When waiting but a breath to claim his throne,
Beyond the hills lean Winter bides his time.
How sweet is my warm hearth-fire's ardent cheer,
My friendly book, my comfortable chair—
The little world that we together share—
The sense of peace—and you I love so near.

Trees

Young trees grow all along the hill-top's rim
In whispering groups and slender climbing rows,
Beckoning me to find that pathway dim
Where the wind goes.
Deep in the water drowned white stars look out
With quenchless light.
And still with voiceless words the young trees
shout
And lean in moveless flight.

Beyond the pastures in the shallow slough,
Grow the old trees with vines about their feet—
Knowing so many years that whispered through
Their leaves with murmurs sweet.
But the young trees entice me—I will go
By slopes yet silver with the pale star's light
And cast my soul upon the wind's wings, so
It may know wordless flight.

Summer Song

Upon a stone the little cricket sings—
The bitterweeds are tall and gold and green,
The dragonfly, all in her summer sheen
Of blue and silver, far above him wings.
The moon's ghost haunts the reaches of the sky,
Seeking the paths she trod so happily.
Around him play the breezes in the sun;
Winged are they, and lighter than the air—
The lark is here and there and everywhere,
Lyric with lilting melodies, then gone.
Chained to the earth, an humble minstrel, prone,
The cricket sings to summer, on a stone.

The meadow grass is thick and green and cool,
Beplumed with seedpods, and with kitten tails.
Under the wind's feet, how it dusks and pales—
The willow dabbles in her tiny pool
With silvery fingers, and upon its brink
The little shadows softly come to drink.
A redbird whips in gleaming circles by—
A poppy gaily mocks him from the grass—
The clouds throw off their dark cloaks as they pass
To march the curving valley of the sky.
Still on his stone the little cricket sings,
Worshipping all of summer's lovely things.

The Closed Room

There is a closed room where no light e'er falls
And no foot treads the floor—
Where no one laughs for joy, or softly calls,
Or opens the dark door.
The rose leaves lie in scattered spirals gray,
Where once they glowed wine-red—
None come to sweep their fragrant dust away,
Though long they have been dead.

There is a dark room where no sunshine steals,
Where only shadows throng—
No windows open to the sweet, bright fields,
Nor to the dawn bird's song.
Yet dearer this still spot than any place,
Of sculptured grandeur, or of modern art,
For here I dwelt with you a little space—
The closed room of my heart.

Lullaby

Silver, silver hangs the moon,
Swung by a faery thread—
Over the sleeping roses bloom,
Softly the shadows tread.
Softly, softly thus they creep
Out of the darkening skies,
Sowing the silver sands of sleep
Into my darling's eyes.

Sweet unfold the opening stars—
Lightly falls the dew—
By willow arch that becks and bars
The white night wind steps through.
Night doth draw her mantle deep
Cross the dusking skies,
Sifting the silver sands of sleep
Into my darling's eyes.

In the Hill-Land

Upon the hill-land falls the still sunshine
Beneficent on field and wood and stream,
So that the earth seems steeped in perfumed wine,
And drowsy with a dream.
The farthest hills are drowned in opaline,
And slopes are tapestried in gold and pearl—
And over valleys, faintly cloaked in green,
Thin smoke plumes curl.

Like silver bugles from some far off star,
The sound of cattle lowing drifts a-down,
From steep hill pastures where tall thistles are,
And tasseled grass is blown.
The crow flaps cawing over fields where red
And grinning pumpkins gleam the corn-shocks
through—
And all the wayside lanes are carpeted
With asters blue.

Grapes purple now, drinking the essence sweet
Of sun and dew, and apples like balloons
Swell up with pride in juice and tender meat,
Sucked from the long, hot noons.
The wind is redolent with scent of hay,
Rose petals dried, and far off silences—
And hour by hour draws down the golden day
A sense of perfect peace.

Cynthia's Song

I am the laughter of the bladed grass—
Dost thou yet know
How swift, how beautiful its moods that pass
When soft winds blow?
I am that laughter—I am the falling tears
Of rain in spring,
That brings the resurrection of the years
With every blossoming.

I am the white moon-beam that finds your lips
To linger lightly there.
In the brief midnight hour mine are the fingertips
That coolly lift your hair.
I am the scent of lilacs, cold with dew
Caught in a spider's lace—
I am all these, but naught to you—To you
An unremembered face.

How wistfully I walk with you, and yearn
To speak one loving word
Faint as the wind's voice, but I've yet to learn
I never can be heard.
Oh Love, while summer winds must sigh and pass
And summer hours are fleet,
I am the laughter of the bladed grass
Beneath your feet.

Chrysanthemums

They flourish in lush green, when all the rest
Of summer's flowers from garden ways are gone.
One larkspur rattles, a bare skeleton,
But they, in their full skirts of ruffles dressed,
Or crimson hood, bright as a robin's breast,
Or long curled plumes that brightly do adorn,
With laughing faces greet the chill, bleak morn.
And one is purple as a splendid gem,
Ragged is one but fair from crown to hem,
I cannot tell of all there are such crowds of them.

Some subtle perfume from the orient
Lends them a strange sweet breath of mystery.
What care they for the somberness of sky,
Or for the sadness of the wind's lament.
To minister with their beauty were they sent,
To cheer a world that else might prove too cold,
So they the essence of the light enfold,
Some deep as fire, some pale as silver moon,
Some tiny gold ones God's own pennies strewn,
To buy back the bright laughing ways of June.

Even Song

The sun's red lamp has just gone out, and darkness slowly creeps.

Through tangled young green willow limbs, a golden moonlet peeps.

The wind is but a passing breath, a little half drawn sigh,

Of a sleepy child that's up too late, as it softly slippeth by.

A far frog cries, then one more near, until a rippling tune,

Runs through the shadowy marshes, a welcome to the moon.

And I would sing to you, my dear, had I a single note,

Even the frogs have music for wooing, in their throats.

The whippoorwill can call his mate, with a better song than I,

But never could one love you so, though I needs must silently.

The young moon never hears the love the frogs forever croon.

If I should learn to croak I fear you would not hear my tune.

The Singing Shell

I sing to myself of that shadowed shelf
In the ocean's sandy deep,
Where the seaweeds lean in a wavering screen
And the pale mermaidens sleep.
I lay in the strand of lustrous sand,
With many a shell beside,
Great fishes came, with eyes of flame,
And vanished with the tide.
The coral caves were rosy lace,
Where the mermaids danced or dreamed apace.

Oh, amber and amethyst rainbow kissed
Was the seeping light below.
With turquoise and pearls in jeweled whirls
The fretted caverns glow.
The mermaids lay in the sparkling spray,
'Neath shadowing crowns of curls,
One laughed and pressed me to her breast,
White as a sea of pearls.
Then tossed me high on the sandy beach
Where now I lie in the sun and bleach.

I faintly hear with my curling ear
The ocean's chiming roar.
But ne'er shall I in the dim light lie
Or watch the mermaids more.
The sea gulls wheel in the sky's hard steel
And day and night still creep,
And I sing to myself of that jeweled shelf
In the ocean's twilight deep.
I dream and sing as you must do
When the tides of light have done with you.

In the North Country

In the North Country brooks run swift,
And sing with silver tongue—
Over the deep, deep sky to drift
White clouds are flung.
And pink buds deck the young oak trees,
And amber on the ash,
And like a flame across the breeze
Bright, saucy red birds flash.
Pale wraiths of snow still ragged lie in shadowed
spots and cool,
But warm and brave the clean sun shines upon the
dimpling pool.

In the North Country ferns unfold
Delicate finger tips —
Columbine dances pink and gold,
Where e'er the wild bee sips.
Willows shake out their flaxen hair,
Beside each foam-flecked stream,
And pink arbutus, waxen, fair,
In sunny sweetness dream.
In the North Country come the birds on eager,
flashing wing
To tell the earth with winsome words that once
again 'tis spring.

Joy

'Tis just to be up in the morning
At the top of the highest hill,
When the flame of the day is dawning,
And the earth lies wrapt and still,
The soft mists part o'er the meadows,
The low clouds lift on the lea,
Like the sun from a wreath of shadows
Joy comes with the day for me.

'Tis just to be up in the morning,
After a night of rain,
With the green earth wet, and the awning
Of the sky with never a stain.
With a sweet little breeze from the flowers,
With a scent of the fresh wet soil,
And a promise of golden hours
To compass the long day's toil.

'Tis just to be out in the sunlight,
As the larks flash up from the grass,
With a rim of blue hills in plain sight,
'Neath shadowing clouds that pass.
'Tis just to come home in the gloaming,
With many a task to do,
But Joy comes straight with me, homing,
As I come home to you.

Windymere

Like a jewel set in jade,
In an emerald prairie laid,
 With the darker woods behind,
 And a grassy slope before—
 Every ripple turquoise lined
 On a golden sanded shore.
There the wild-fowl float and rest
 In the shade
 By the water sedges made,
On the sleep inviting breast,
On the edging ripples clear,
Of blue, wind-curved Windymere.

Through the day and through the night,
Drawn from allwheres by its light,
 Comes one, who always alone,
 With swift footsteps sways the grass.
 Billowing are her garments blown,
 Making music as they pass.
And the reeds sing soft and low
 In the cool
 Of the deep, translucent pool,
And the ripples swifter go
At her touch, across the clear
Deep bright breast of Windymere.

And the moon comes out at night,
From her chamber, robed in white,
 Slipping through the thick'ning cloud
 With her tripping, hurrying feet,
 Casting back a flying shroud
 Till she reach the highest seat.
There she leans to see her face
 In the glass,
 And the swaying water grass
Turns aside to give her place.
While behind her, pale but clear,
Shine the stars in Windymere.

Slumber Song

A ragged, blue storm cloud flung over heaven,
And in the west the red glow of the sun
Part hidden by dark pines. Swift flying even
Receded half toward night. Stars slowly come,
And peep through the thin places in the cloud.
The keen wind in the branches sings aloud,
And in a far tree sleepy crickets cry.
The distant hills wrapped in a purple shroud,
Stand brave against the crimson lighted sky.

And thou, my little child, against my heart,
Lower droops lashes as the evening drifts,
Until no more their slender shadow lifts.
Sleep gently, and know naught my arms apart—
All drowsy laden with the sandman's gifts.

Dogwood

The forest glooms in shadow, and the pines
Strike up their harps to sing of old, gone things.
Oak trees as yet are bare, but the wind's wings,
Hover to woo the buds to fuller lines.
The willows hang their new green lace to dry,
Their bare brown limbs like slender nymphs,
that rest
After a run, upon the bank's brown breast;
And dogwood blossoms flaunt their coquetry—
In stiff, rosetted ruffles, full and gay,
They dance and beckon in high holiday.

Song of the Higher Reaches

Clad in a garb of forestry, they stand
Unheeding while a thousand summers fly.
Rock ribbed are they and ancient granite spanned,
Washed by the blue gulf of the open sky.
Veined by clear streams on beds of silver sands,
On whose bright breasts the wind's white shallops ply,
Translating heaven's waters to the land
Through channels of sweet fern and briony.
These are the higher reaches, strange and dim—
An unknown land set high on heaven's rim.

Dropping from purple plumes translucent gloom,
The murmurous ranks of mighty pine trees stand—
Singing above bright meadows fresh with bloom
Star-kissed, and sun-swept, and tender dawn-wind fanned.
And in the ledges' rocky heart, ice cold,
The caves filled with the mist of water falling,
Fashion dark chambers that in dungeon, hold
The Echoes frail, that with faint lips are calling.
There in the cataract's crashing, diamond spume,
The rainbow leaps, living, from living loom.

There guarded by sharp peaks of jagged flints,
Lest thieves break in and steal the beauty there,
Brimming with trembling light and sifted glint,
A deep still lake lies virginal and fair.
And wrapped in hovering stillness wood and stream,
With an exquisite beauty seems to glow,
As in the golden fabric of old dreams
Of that lost sweetness of the long ago.
This is the port of Peace—A primal land,
Under the benediction of God's hand.

The Myrtle Walk

There is an old sweet walk the myrtles shade,
With spicy velvet coolness, where the sun
Treads lightly on the carpet, smoothly laid,
That the dewed grass has spun.
Where stilly, one by one,
The drowsy hours drift by,
The cricket stills the note he dwells upon,
To murmur dreamily.

Beautifully are bright meadows glimpsed between
The spaces of the purple, folding shade.
Softly the tuneful whispers of the stream,
Mock the bees busy in the elfin glade.
And in the leaves are made
Quaint little sounds that seem
Through the cool colonnade
The footsteps of a dream.

Here comes the butterfly in her brief hour,
The young moon walks here in the cloudy night,
Claiming this perfumed stillness for her bower;
Here the stars come with swinging little light.
Here bloomed the lovely flower
Of love, a little while—
And here I come through the long wakeful hour,
To dream of your loved smile.

Eagle Wings

Ah, if I had wide sweeping eagle wings,
To fly with—up into the purple night—
Up into the cloud that dewed with dreaming
swings

In the cold, clear starlight—
Up and up to the leaping fires of dawn,
Over the mountain, stern, devout and pale—
Over the high, still lake the moon walks on
With silken robes a-trail—

Ah, if I had wide soaring eagle wings
Into the whispering blue
I would pass all the shining, shimmering things
To fly to you—to you.

Queen Summer

High throned above the leafy, murmuring woods,
Where from the noontide heat the birds return,
Above the sweet, still pastures, deep in fern,
Above the dark and cave-cool solitudes,
Over the low-voiced streams and shady lanes,
Empress of all and crowned, sweet summer reigns.

Each weed bedecked in dusty roadside gold
Is an exponent of her majesty,
And every ripple in the meadow's sea,
All the blue hills that round the valley fold,
All sing her praise in an unvarying tongue,
Proclaim her queen, so generous, kind and young.

O Summer, you who gives the dragon-fly
The gorgeous raiment that she gayly wears,
Who frees the world from winter moods and cares,
Who decks the fields in dreams that shining lie,
Take this old love, I pray, that will not cease
To burn—and leave my empty heart at peace!

The Old Road

The old road draws with turn and pause
Through tender vale and down,
From that highway whose broad display
Leads folk from town to town.
Where the old road goes one scarcely knows,
It wanders at its will
Through sunny spots and flowery plots
And round a green grassed hill.

All clad in weeds the old road leads
Where thronging poplars tall
With slender mien and silvery sheen
Catch all the beams that fall.
And still with dew bright glinting through
Their softly singing leaves,
From checkered light and fancies bright
A moving mantle weaves.

Then down beside a brooklet pied
With traceries of shade
Whose sloping banks with perfumed ranks
Of bluebonnets are laid.
And drunk with the wine of thick sunshine
Commingling with the bloom,
The silly bees their argosies
Cast down for more perfume.

I never stray down the great highway,
My path is lonely there—
But this tangled trail through dell and dale,
Is the way for which I care.
For here one day in blossomy May
My love and I did roam,
And memories twine in flower and vine,
So the old road seems like home.

Bayou Desarc

Bayou Desarc, your waters sweetly flowing
From those misted hilltops that are your gleaming
source.

Slide between low willows, heavy with blue
shadows,

Whisper in bright pools, between sweet sun-
splashed meadows,

Under drooping branches, through tall reeds
softly blowing,

Silvery and lyrical you take your chiming course.
Bayou Desarc, your ferny haunts are sweet,
Where the noon wind seeks you, to bathe her dim-
pled feet.

Deeper in the forest, where mightier pine trees
sigh,

Bayou Desarc, you thread your way serene.

Nor stony ledge can stop you, nor thorny
barrier bar,

But sunshine follows after, and all night you
wear a star.

Oh, daintily at morn the thirsty deer comes by,

To drink your cooling water, and crop the
herbage green.

Bayou Desarc, with jewels are you dressed,
And oh, the moon must love you, that leans
against your breast.

On the Hilltop

Upon the hilltop grows the long sweet grass,
That in slow ripples like still waters run,
And under the wide heavens, steeped in sun,
Fragrant with soil and dew and wild flowers sweet,
The hilltop waits the sea-wind's gentle feet.

Through purple distance, from the white-capped
sea,
The wind comes up on cool and shadowy wings.
Of sails and waves and open sky she sings,
Of cold blue deeps and that eternity
That waits us all, and the hilltop and I
Lie listening, as she goes singing by.

The Bountiful South

If you would journey away from town
In search of a long, sweet rest,
Come to the south, that sloping down
Meets the blue Gulf's gleaming breast.
You need not travel to lands afar
In search of a tropic sun,
Right here in Texas the tropics are,
And still sweet bayous run.

Here are trees hung with graceful moss,
And pines so dark and tall,
And brilliant flowers like fairy floss
Whose petals sweetly fall.
Here jessamine hangs in golden wreaths,
And honeysuckle blows,
And down dim avenues of leaves
The wild bee swarming goes.

And here in the gloom of fragrant woods,
Quaint sawmills whirr and click.
And overhead in crimson hoods,
The redbirds flirt and flick.
And set in ferny garlands deep,
The forest pools, blue eyed,
Mirror the clouds and half asleep
Reflect the forest side.

And wild berries grow as big as those
Beneath the gardener's hand.
Sweet pale magnolia waxy blows
By tenderest breezes fanned.
And where the vagrant meadows sweep
In running ripply shine,
Great yellow daisies gayly leap,
Gold from some dark rich mine.

Here cane fields cousin with the rice,
Those tropic children, fair,
And tea and oranges and spice
Delight the mellow air,
And—on great rolling pastures green
Lush and knee deep in grass,
Fat cattle graze, and all between
Cloud shadows swoop and pass.

Oh tired man, if you would feast
Your eyes on lilled streams,
Come to the south—just once at least.
It is a land of dreams.
Here's sport for any sportsman bold,
And for the weary rest.
For nature with all bounty told
The sweet southland has blessed.

Good-Bye

Good-bye, little cabin, until I come again,
I leave you the tenderness of the slow rain.

The winds shall caress you.

The red leaves shall dress you,
And lovingly bless you when long they have lain.

The great fir, all silvery in the bright dew,
I leave as a sentinel, fathering you.

Good-bye, little cabin, for Summer is done,
And the cold blaze of Autumn has blotted the sun.

The woodland seems sleeping,

Where chill breath comes creeping,
And shy quail are cheeping and gray squirrels run.
Soon days will turn colder and storm clouds will frown,
And I must go back to my duty in town.

Good-bye, little cabin, you've been such a friend,
And sheltered and comforted us without end.

While you wait for us here

We will think of you, dear,
And, with Spring of next year, we'll be coming again.
Good-bye, little cabin, may your long sleep be sweet,
With the fir high above and the world at your feet.

Butterflies

All in the woodland green, the fauns came out to
play,

To caper in the sun and wind, all in the April
weather.

They wet their dainty hoofs with dew—

They shook their curls beneath the blue—

And searching in the sunniest nooks, they gathered
flowers gay—

With laughter, and with cunning looks, they wove
themselves together.

In tinkling tones the new leaves spoke. On every
mischief bent,

They dragged an infant rainbow down and stole its
sparkling dyes.

Until the little spying breeze

Came slipping softly thru the trees—

He only saw, in wonderment, a flickering flame of
merriment—

A dancing, dipping, lightly skipping swarm of
butterflies.

Moon Beams

I dreamed last night of a southern sea,
Where the young moon came to bathe.
Out of her gossamer cloud step't she
Into the darkling wave
Lit by the glow that her beauty made;
Timid was she and half afraid.

Softly into the dreaming sea,
She sank like a wond'rous pearl.
As golden as youth's first love was she,
Afloat in a sea of beryl,
Amethyst, opal, and tourmaline,
With light little waves to lave night's queen.

Far, far out on the rim of the sea,
The sound of footsteps came.
Out of the water then sprang she
With a leaping heart of flame.
In desperate fear lest one might spy,
She vanished away in her clouds in the sky.

The Mountain Pool

In a sheltered nest on the rock breast
Of the mountain where pine trees sigh;
In a cloistered nook where the white stars look
Out of the leaning sky.
In a ferny bed where the shadows shed
By the forest are dark and cool,
Sweet with the musk of the forest dusk
Lies the still, deep mountain pool.

Sweet as the flute that the fairies mute
When a well loved mortal dies,
The wood lark sings to the crystal springs
Where the stars of morning rise.
The great owl cries to the light that lies
In its heart from the drifting moon;
Through the languid leaves the ringdove grieves
In a low and tender croon.

In the fragrant air the sunbeams fare
Far down in an aimless quest.
The high pines sing of some lovely thing
They hear from the mountain's crest.
Close at their feet in silence sweet,
In dew and shadows cool,
Wrapped round with dreams of silver streams
Lies the deep, still mountain pool.

The Littlest One

When Poppy-cheeks and Laughing-eyes come
clamoring in from play,
Come trouping in for supper, as hungry as can be,
So full of the adventures of a long and busy day,
You can hardly hear your ears for them. I feel
upon my knee
A little pink and satiny cheek, a tousled, curly
head,
“Oh, muzzer, I’s so tired, I has to go to bed.”
The others still are riotous, and full of gleeful fun,
But in my arms the day is ended for the Littlest
One.

The lamplight casts great shadows across the
cluttered floor;
And Poppy-cheeks and Laughing-eyes are on their
daddy’s knee
Entranced in wondrous fairy tales and wildest
woodland lore.
But away back in the shadow, I sit so quietly,
Safe in my arms the sweetest thing God put
beneath the sun
He lies so limply, and so close, the tired Littlest
One.

The Dearer Vision

How plainly I can see again the home—
The wide old hall where we as children played;
The cedar tree that reared its spicy dome
Against the net the swinging starlight made—
The dewy lane the cows came home at night;
The old rail fence worn smooth with climbing feet;
The window that for toilers showed the light
Of welcome warm and sweet.

Who could forget the wonder of the scent
Of fragrant hay in the great cradling loft;
Or the still sense of peace when day was spent,
And through the dusk the bull bats whirred aloft.
Who could forget the pleasant sound of rain
In mellow murmurs on the roof above,
Or the wind humming on the window pane
A lullaby of love.

All these I love, and still with memory's eyes
I see the kitchen—full of lovely smell—
Odorous with great cakes and wond'rous pies,
The baking turkey that we knew so well.
Those loving faces round the crackling hearth,
Those gentle hands that gladly wrought for me—
There is no dearer vision on this earth
Than this sweet memory.

The Old House

I do not like the new house; the old house was the
best,
Even though it was as ragged as a last year's
robin's nest.
There the glad days and sad days and days of
smiling skies
Seemed to wreath it with bright blossoms from
the glade of memories.
Of tall and lovely children there was such a
laughing throng;
They filled each room with happiness through
somber days and long.
And then there was the wee one, with round,
black, fuzzy head,
Who smiled at me forever from the little white
crib bed.
And underneath the low roof in cold time and
in storm,
With hearth fires and love fires we kept so snug
and warm.
I do not like the new house; the old house was
the best;
My heart still seeks familiar rooms as the sun
seeks the west.

October

Indian summer lies upon the land
As does the shadow of the golden cloud.
Wrought of rose sea-mists on a silver strand,
Is woven summer's shroud.
Asleep she lies upon the highest hill,
Nor hears the herds from dreaming pastures
call—
Knowing no pain of death or winter's chill,
Unchanging 'neath her pall.

Andromeda hangs brightly overhead,
And in the still night rides the cold white moon—
Although the dew in fragrance chill is shed,
The sun glows warm at noon.
In odorous thickets woodcocks chirr aloud,
Down crashing on dead leaves the ripe nuts
fall—
And maples flaming in a crimson crowd
Lean to the lyric west wind's madrigal.

Summer is sleeping, and with mystery,
And scarlet threads agleam,
October broiders on her tapestry,
And catches in a dream.

The Lost Dream

I'm going down the little road by windy dell and hollow,
By ravine piled with old dead leaves through dim and
shadowy nook—

By little meadow, aster sowed, with but a thread to follow,
Where tawny grass a thick mat weaves, and old dried
daisies look.

I'm going down the little road beyond the town's far edges,
Through sleeping fields, and thickets bare, and crackling
blackberry hedges.

I'm going down the little road a long untrodden way,
Where silver feathered weeds grow tall beneath the
hickory's gold.

The air with chill sweet is o'erflowed, through the deep
golden day,

And amaranthian hazes fall the hilltops to enfold.

I'm going down the little road, across the singing stream,
A-hunting for that strange bright thing that once I called a
dream.

Far off against the heaven's pale rim still purple highlands
beckon,

And faintly carved the valleys lie, drenched in a cold,
bright sun.

I take my way through shadows dim, with many a jewelled
fleck on,

With lifted eyes to where on high a faint smoke wreath is
spun.

The little road is rough and steep, but venturing winds do
blow,

And I must go to find that dream I lost so long ago.

Noon

Noon draws apace and the wind's wings are drooping,
 Stilled are her feet,
Silver and shimmering, great clouds are stooping
 The green vale to meet.
The cattle are drowsing in sheltering shade,
The leaves in wreaths woven are languishing laid
 In the heat.

In the meadow grass, fainting, the cricket once shrills,
 Then he is done.
The fields swim and dance in the heat on the hills,
 Bared to the sun.
Low to the cool waters the slim willows lean,
And thirstily drink of the ripples between,
 As they run.

And stiller and closer the presence of noon
 Is fragrantly pressed.
My doorway is garlanded with grateful gloom,
 Blue shadow dressed.
Oh, gladly I turn to the bucket's wet lips,
To your sweet eyes of welcome and cool fingertips,
 And to rest.

The Solitudes

There is a land of shadowy pine and fir,
Where dim peaks tower to the changing skies.
Where flame, as in an opal, blooms and dies,
Leaving but ghosts of flame to lift and stir—
Where stilly as that first white morning, dreams
The leaning forest over silver streams.

There is a blended fragrance and perfume,
Balsam and myrtle, odorous sap and sweet—
Pale flowers unnamed a carpet for your feet—
Thick sunshine and the velvet of deep gloom.
There the wind runs, in a white leaping dance,
Across the lake's blue, lovely, still expanse.

All winter long the land lies locked in snow,
And I must toil, unheeded in the town;
Yet in my heart I see the mountain's crown,
Magical in the sunrise bloom and glow—
I taste the sweetness of the forest aisles
And dream in the long silence for a while.

And when the spring comes, winter's fetters fall,
With leaping heart I leave the town behind,
Seeking the solitude of rock and wind,
The waiting forest—answering its call.
Heart hungry am I for the mounting moon,
The friendly stars and the slow water's tune.

The Autumn Moon

The Autumn moon has mounted through the sky,
Till now she hangs a globe of wine-red light
Fraught with the essence of tranquillity,
Drifts the still languorous night.

Tipsy with moonlight goes a tinselled moth,
Seeking the summer flowers that bloom no
more;

And misted with a lucent veil of froth,
The slow waves beat the shore.

Drowned in the moon, the purple shadows lie
Thin spectres of their once dark potency.

Queen of a faery garden, the moon reigns
In dreamy splendor; empty of mankind
The winding roads, the silver poplared lanes,
Patterned in quaint designs.

Only the wind, with hurrying feet, comes by
The last blooms gathering in anxious haste.

The fearful leaves, at her swift coming, fly
Across the stark and naked meadow's waste.

And your dear ghost and I go hand in hand,
Roving like vagabonds across the moon-drenched
land.

Love Song

Open thy window, my star of the night;
Open thy window and shine down on me.
The moon on the sea is not more white
Than thy forehead's tranquillity.
Red as the desert fire is bright
Are thy lips' sweet mystery.
Open thy window, Love, to me—
For oh, I faint for a smile from thee.

The wind on the flowers is not more cool
Than the shadowed glance of your darkling eyes.
Your laugh is a wind-stirred silver pool,
Where a dreaming lily sighs;
And every lesson in love's stern rule,
In the dusk of your soft hair lies.
Open thy window, for oh, I fain
Would quench my thirst in your eyes again.

Oh Love, you are my golden bird,
That sings unheard by the teeming crowd.
The sum of my life is in your word,
As the moon is held by a cloud.
By mountain, and barren plain I spurred
With the flying dust for a shroud—
Open thy window, my heart's desire,
And warm my soul with your still, white fire.

The Beech

Dedicated to F. K. Stearns

I know a high green meadow, where the sun
Lives all the day among the long, plumed grass.
There little winds abide, to leap and run,
And little clouds would linger and are loath to
pass.

There summer lends her loveliest radiance long;
Wild poppies blow and black-eyed Susans nod—
The lark shakes out her shining scarf of song,
'Broidered with all the beauties of the sod.
And drenched in stars, and dew, and still, sweet
light,
One great beech tree stands, glorious in its might.

All 'round the sky's rim misted hilltops rise,
And silvered cedars climb, and fragrant pine—
Cupped in a lovely bowl the meadow lies,
Filled to the brim with air like perfumed wine.
And here doth nature dwell, and reign supreme,
Tilling the earth and sowing various seed—
And for her watch-tower, cloud-kissed and serene,
The beech on every leaf writes her kind creed.
And gathering all the winged things to its breast,
The great beech shelters them and gives them rest.

My Little House of Dreams

I built a little house of dreams,
I planned it all alone,
And yet it waits for you to light
The fire on its hearthstone.

I set the window with my tears,
With hope the settles lined,
And twin rose bushes by the door
Hung censers in the wind.

The small, shy woodflowers came and climbed
My walls, as each would fain
To reach my window sills and lay
Sweet faces 'gainst the pane.

I garnished all the mantels tall,
And carpeted the floor,
And still it waits for you to brush
The cobwebs from the door.

I laid a little path of faith
Up to the lintel stone,
And sometimes yet I wander through
My house of dreams alone.

Poor little, lonely house of dreams—
The hearthstone yet is cold;
The twin rose bushes by the door
Are withered now, and old.

You come not up the little path
To light the fire's glow,
And yet—I keep my house of dreams,
Because I love you so.

The Mountain Stream

Lightly, lightly, springing brightly,
From the yellow sand,
In a silver trickle like the young moon's sickle
In a summer land.
Winging through the reeds
With a singing note,
Twining ropes of turquoise beads
Around the lily's throat.
Laughing, leaping, whirling, gleaming,
Dreaming in the glade,
Where the sun a myth is seeming
In the fragrant shade.
Ever fairer, wider, deeper,
Through the rockbrowed hill,
Edged with ropes of crimson creeper,
Floating leaves of daffodil.

Falling, falling, where the west wind's calling
With sweet notes clear,
Slipping, slipping, with rainbows dripping,
From ledges sheer.
Falling in foam lace,
Spun in bright design,
With airy, sparkling grace,
Of crusted cobwebs fine.
Dancing in dark whirls,
Or shaking out soft curls
Of maiden tresses fine.
With diamond garlands hung,
On rough and rocky brink,
Where splashing spray is flung,
And golden bubbles wink,
When shadows come to drink.
Spreading out a net
To catch the bright stars gleam,
With spinning mirrors set,
And baited with a dream
Goes the merry mountain stream.

The Water Sprites

Where the white water curls in rainbow spray
Against the dark and lowering forest shore,
Great trees bend down to cast their shadows gray
Over the pools where eddying ripples pour.
There do we sleep, through the unhurrying day
In the cold caverns of the spray lashed rocks,
Far from the hot sun's bright disturbing ray,
Where Echo folds her untamed mountain flocks.

There do we sleep, above the waterfalls
That shake their silver mantles in the light.
When night-owl from his leafy tower calls
We wake to dance away the moonsplashed night.

Out of the shadows light as wreaths of mist,
Softly we come, fleetfooted as a breeze.
Our white arms gleam in motion, star-beam kissed,
We turn in fairy wheels beneath the trees.
There the white columbine wakes at our feet,
The daisy stoops to span our flying tread,
The sleepy birdlings hear our laughter sweet,
As trees bend down to kiss each silken head.

In the cold caves where long wet moss abounds,
We sleep, and dream away the staring light.
But when the river's mighty organ sounds
We wake to dance away the moonwashed night.

Potpourri

I have a rose-jar where I pour
Through the succeeding years
Bright colored dreams that I may dream no more,
And all my smiles and tears.

With every petal of some fragrant rose,
Of faery mould and hue,
To keep its sweetness as the flower blows
I think of you.

To quench the fire that grows within my heart,
Through days and nights I seek
In fields and meadows from the world apart
Flowers of eternal sleep.

All these I blend, and oh, my dear, if I
Might give you these sweet spirits of the dew,
I think their voices mute might tell you why
I still love you.

Morning Song

The waking birds chirp in their cradling tree,
And meadows dream in cool and fragrant dew.
I am alone awake—My winged thoughts
Fly out to you.
You that I love with all my heart of fire—
You that I love across the barren years.
Life has denied the gift I so desire
To give me tears.

Darling, the dawn brings ever deeper pain—
Oh, golden dreams that with the day new-born
Whisper that joy will come to us again
In some far morn.
In some far morn to wake and find your lips
Answering mine with their first dewy kiss—
Ah, Love, what bitter hope my spirit sips—
What utter bliss.

Fay Dance

Low beneath the lily's sheath
The shining dewdrop lies,
And silvered skeins in floating wreath
From fretted fernleaf flies.
Low stars look down from out the skies,
And whispering each to each,
Peep in the pool, with dewy eyes,
To list what waters teach.

Round and round to mystic sound
From flutes that croon and swell,
With lissome leap and sparkling bound,
The fays dance in the dell.
In garlands like spun meadow-flowers
They lightly spin and trip,
Through long and moonlit summer hours,
That sweet as honey drip.

Oh, light upon the daisies' sun,
And soft upon the grass,
Swift feet that trip the lily's lip,
And fleet as laughter pass.
With weaving measures to and fro,
With blowing draperies light,
Around the pool where white stars glow,
The fairies dance all night.

In the Night

Have you ever waked at two,
When the moon swings high in heaven?
All the earth seems strange and new,
Chill but sweet with fallen dew,
That the pale white night has given.
Far away a clock strikes slowly
And the echoes fall and die,
Where the brightest star rides slowly
In the opalescent sky.

Straight the cedars stand to listen
To some music far away,
Where the dark fringed hilltops glisten
On the edges of the day.
And in silver robes a-trailing
Goes the wind across the grass.
Poplars sighing, waning, paling,
With her beauty, but alas,
Heedlessly the wind does pass.

Have you ever waked at two,
With your heartstrings tight and twanging
With the glory of the blue,
Star-set dome above you hanging?
Then a peace, all still and shining
Seems to lie upon the land,
Earth and sky and stars enshrining
Like the touch of God's own hand.
And those things that I forgot
In the hurry of life's plot,
Then I seem to understand.

The Dream Child

Little wee one, tender and frail,
Warm little dewy rose of mine,
The hours may languish and grow pale,
And white stars through a dusky veil
Of clustering care-shadows shine,
All else in all my world may fail,
Still you are ever mine.

In your eyes, that are his, I see
As in twin violets, dewed with light,
A Spirit looking out at me,
Born of a vast eternity,
That comforts my dark night.
You speak a wordless tongue to me,
Sweet eyes of my delight.

Within your mouth there lies all bliss,
Framed 'twixt two rosy cupid bows.
The wonder of his first warm kiss,
Through spinning years, grew into this,
And lovelier than a half blown rose,
Sweeter than the star jessamine is,
Your hands in brief repose.

The Bayou

With many a wimple and laughing dimple
Goes the bayou, sweet and brown.
With sunbeams glancing, and shadows dancing,
Flecked with bubbles, brightly blown.
Where the cypress gnarled and old, in a leafy murmur dim,
Sits and dreams, with manifold knees drawn up beneath his
chin,
And his hoary, hanging beard by the blight of seasons seared,
Trailing in the bayou water, makes a singing soft and thin.

Here with sparkles the water darkles,
On a pebbly bottom bright;
Here its going is measured flowing
On its smooth, unhurried flight.
And the tree-toad shrill and shriller in his palace high and
cool,
Trills and chuckles in a willow to his image in the pool;
While the quivering harps of pine make a melody divine,
And the bull frog adds his thunder from his giant golden stool.

And here lean the rushes green,
In the shallows at the edge.
Here the wild bee swarming goes where the honeysuckle
blows
In a sweet and blossomy hedge.
Through a dusky colonnade, with high carven arabesque,
Like cathedral windows made by the red light in the west,
Still with chiming little song goes the bayou brown along
Till it finds its destiny in the rushing river's breast.

A Cradle Song

Countless are blossoming stars in the heaven,
Countless are roses, down laden with dew.
But brighter than any fair star of the even,
In your eyes, for me only, shine two,
And down from the blue, drop the winds, inter-
woven,
Hushabys bringing to you.
Lullabys bringing to you, my sweet,
Cloven with moon shade and shine.
Hushabys drowsy, and heavy with sleep,
For this fair little son o' mine.

Hyacinth blooms on the western horizon,
Shadows throw purple veils down through the
night.
Over and over the crickets are sighing,
Singing and sighing for your delight.
So I sing to the horned moon, "O send down
a dream
On a ray of your silver spun shine.
For sleep without sweet dreams a laggard
doth seem
To this fair little son o' mine."

In the Garden

I know a sweet old garden, close by a southern sea,
With a towering pine that o'er it rocks, watching it tenderly.
And low and lightly along the beach the purple waters beat—
And stately the moon goes down the paths, with white and
silent feet.
The moon-vine blooms on the casement, and roses hold their
cup,
Full of dew that drops from the night-wind's wings, for the
hummingbird to sup.
The shadows fall like blessings, with dim enfolding hue,
And here when life grows weary, I wait—I wait for you.

I know a sweet old garden, where gilliflowers nod,
And the wakeful night-wind seeks it on feet that are silver-
shod.
All days the sun broods o'er it and cradles every flower,
And all the night the moon and I go from sweet bower to
bower.
Low on the beach the water beats like a mighty heart,
And fitfully through fragrant dusk the fireflies glow and dart.
All through the hovering stillness the stars their bright dust
strew,
And here when life grows weary, I wait—I wait for you.

The Adventurer

Oh, I would go adventuring before the sun is up,
While still the dew lies glittering in every flower's cup.
While cool and sweet the shadowy world, strung high with
stars and moon,
Dreams in a silver silence furled, to pine trees whispered
croon.

Oh, I would go adventuring, in palest dawning glow,
When softly steals the first faint light to waken birds below.

Oh, I would go adventuring, with a wind both strange and chill,
That soundless treads the meadow grass, by valley and by
hill.

Her garments are so light that they break not the spider's net,
And in her fair and sweeping hair, a star is winking yet.
Oh, I would go adventuring and never stop nor stay,
Until I top the highest hill and find the warm new day.

Oh, I would go adventuring in a world fresh and sweet;
How innocent the dewy flowers that waken at my feet;
How softly flit the shadows by, before the coming sun,
And in a chorus clear and high, the birds sing every one.
Oh, I would go adventuring beside the morning wind,
By forest glade, and valley green, until my love I find.

Twilight City

When sunset paints the western sky
With swiftly flaming hue,
When Hesperus, all silvery,
Hangs clearly in the blue,
When faint and sweet the winds repeat
The secrets of the air,
I see, where light and twilight meet,
A city's towers fair.
And set with gleaming minaret, with roofs of faint-
est gold,
On shadowy hills of violet, that round its dwelling
fold,
With jeweled doors and stained glass dome, with
dainty spires that rise,
As fragile as a wreath of foam, the twilight city lies.

From that fair stuff that rosy dreams
Are builded, are its walls;
Of tinted porcelain it seems
As low the last light falls.
Mother of pearl and amethyst, its winding lanes
are paved,
By rocking waters rainbow kissed, are its abut-
ments laved.
It glows in beauty full and fair, with filtering sun
dust strewn,
The Twilight City in the air, then like a dream it's
gone.

The Mockingbird

The woodland lies as silent as a dream—
 Wrapped in a spell of quiet, stern as death.
The wind is casketed in cloud, her perfumed breath
Stirs not the slightest leaf—mute is the stream—
 Where the wild ivy on an old tree creeps,
 A butterfly in jeweled splendor sleeps.
The lizard lies, a shadow on a stone—
 The floating moon shines thin upon the sky—
Some witchery doth hold the woodland prone
 In silence bound to pine and fade and die.

But hark! Who comes—a little wizard gray
 Who knows no spell to bind his facile tongue.
Across the stillness is his rapture flung
And hearing him the stream leaps up in spray,
 With lyric laughter, and the wind from her cloud
 Leaps down to dance with shadows at his feet.
And in a wondering crowd
 The flowers awake, dew-diamonded and sweet.
Day from her dark couch wrought in blue and gold
 Binds her bright girdle round her snowy zone,
Starts on her journey, ever new yet old.
The lizard stirs upon his mossy stone,
The butterfly unfolds his jeweled wings—
 The sun blooms out upon the hill-top's spire,
And still the mocking bird unheeding sings,
 Breaking the spell of darkness with his fire.

The Return

I turned from city ways to that still land
Whose sunlit hillslopes face the shining west—
To the old house with its walls vine-caressed,
'Midst orchards planted by a long dead hand,
Where sweetly from the blossom laden trees
Linnets and finches chant their litanies.

There swept the meadow deep in fragrant grass,
Where once I loved to dream of great things—there
Stood the tall cedars, silver-dewed and fair,
On the wide lawn where the red brick walks pass.
The latch hung loose and the front door stood wide
With sunlight falling on the floor inside.

Before a fire was the old easy chair,
Though out the windows wove a breath of sweet—
And with the old cat nodding at her feet,
My mother sat—sunshine in her white hair.
And glancing up to welcome her that came,
With trembling lips she cried aloud my name.

The ways of fame are sweet—but now I stay
And tend the buttery, and mix the bread,
And fill the jars with roses, white and red,
And kiss her cheek a thousand times a day.
Life seems so staid without ambition's spur—
But all my days I have bequeathed to her.

The Dew

The dew lies bright in the still, dim light
On leaf and bud and flower.
It winks on the feet of the dawn-wind sweet,
And wreathes her hair in a shower.
It gleams on the hill that is dreaming still
Of the moon that's been gone for an hour.

The dew falls cold on the shadowed mold
Where the whispering poplars sway—
It shines on the grass where those light feet pass
To that land so far away;
And gem by gem in a diadem,
It hangs on the headstones, gray.

The dew lies deep in the flowers asleep
In the old, old garden there—
It kisses the curl of the tiny girl
And the snow of the old man's hair.
It brings them a sign of a Grace divine,
And a token of Love and Care.

My Song

How can I weave a song to hold the light
That sleeps within the silver summer cloud;
Or catch the lark's notes as he trills aloud
In golden gladness on his upward flight?
How can I sing of the smooth stream at night,
Or the bright stars, that beauteous, gleaming
crowd
Of sisters; or the wind that weaves a shroud
To quench the radiance of the moon's white light?

I cannot weave the beauty of the blue
Into a song, or the still woods that dream
In summer fancies, or the curving gleam
Of swallows flight. How can I then, of you
Whose look sends through my heart a poignant
glow?
I only whisper that I love you so.

Twilight

The cows come slowly, softly home
From pastures green and sweet,
And twilight follows after them
With softly whispering feet.
Her robes are brushing o'er with dew
The opening night flowers pale,
And sweetly doth the whippoorwill
Repeat his mournful tale.

Against the saffron western sky
The blossoming pear trees stand,
And shadows gather thick and fast
Upon the cool, sweet land.
And opening buds all softly sway
Upon the orchard trees,
And Twilight gently takes her way
In dewy draperies.

She drifts across the gloaming fields,
And through the scented lanes—
And silver evening stars look out
Where sunset's fire wanes.
The moon throws off a silken cloud
To watch her as she flits,
And scatters dreams across her path
In shining golden bits.

The Pines

Against the silver silence of the night
The great pines stand, shrouded in mystery.
Along the hill their branches kiss the sky,
Among the low stars, lustrous and bright.
But by the lake, where vagrant perfumes stir
In the sharp air, there are they cloaked in deep
Impenetrable shadows, where no stars peep,
Nor moon-beams tread that dark, still corridor.
Only the white-owl like a restless ghost
Whirs softly, seeking something that is lost.

The pines sing to me with a silver sound,
A strange moon-melody in measures slow,
Woven of loveliness, of winds that blow,
Of sweet pale flowers, fast hidden in the ground,
Of clear blue waters, then again of storm,
Of raging torrents, and of rolling thunder,
The wailing avalanche that cleaves the hill
asunder,
Of stout-walled cabins and hearth-fires blazing
warm.
And, oh Mighty Master, through their melody,
Runs throbbing undertones with word of Thee.

Wishes

Sometimes I wish to roam the wild-wood green,
Or meadows where the frothy clouds lean low.
Sometimes I hunger for the river's sheen,
Where cooling currents flow.

I long to dip my feet in water clear,
Or lie and dream where purple shadows sway—
Or stand upon a hill and high and clear
Watch sunset fade away.

I want to feel the rain upon my face,
To smell the sharp sweet scent of wetted grass—
I want to wander in an open place
Where only sky winds pass.
But oh, for winter nights when stars are cold,
I want an open fire that snaps with glee,
A comfortable darkness to enfold,
And only you with me.

Ah me, such pleasant lands lie here and there,
Such shady forests and such cool retreats—
Hills whose green mantles are flower-gemmed
and fair,
Where sun and shadow meets.
But dearer far to me my humble nook,
My hearth fire with its mellow snapping cheer,
To lay my hands upon an open book
And dream that you are here.

The Valley

I know a little valley, set high up
Against the mountain's heart—Sheer cliffs
arise

Above it, dark against the turquoise skies,
And ragged boulders rim its shelving cup.
Full to the sun it spreads its sloping floor,
Nor doth the wild wind enter in its door.

Within its confines thickly grow and sweet
Dark cedars and the whispering plumes of
pine—

And fraught with wreathed laughter, light and
fine,

From nested rocks leaps down a streamlet fleet.
Though close beside the grinding avalanche
crawls

In that still valley only the echo falls.

Here would I build my cabin, tight and strong,
Beneath the gold and glorious stars, and here
I'd make a little heaven for you, my dear,
When all the days and years seem dark and wrong.
For here is silence and the song of birds,
A deep content that is too sweet for words.

Clear Lake

Do you know that clear lake, set
Like a shining amulet

Dropped from off its silver chain—?
Shadows from the poplars tall
Far across its waters fall

With the sighing sound of rain.
And while still the hills are lit

With the dying sunset's glow,
Dusk comes there to dream and sit

Where the sweet night-flowers blow.
And the plaintive whippoorwill
Calls to her across the still

Darkling water there below.

Softly from night's caverns dim
Comes the moon to dip a rim

In those waters dark and cool—
And the white stars gather there
From the lucid heights of air,

Peering in the mirroring pool.
Here the night-wind loiters by,

With a vague song on her lips,
And the quivering poplars sigh,
Just to kiss her finger tips.

But she, dreaming like a maid,
Dances where the moon has laid

Silver threaded trceries,
Shaking back her knee-long hair
In the sweet and fragrant air,

With a flick of draperies.
And the sad-voiced whippoorwill
Calls to her from out the hill

Where the thickest shadow lies.

Old Orchards

The blackberry bushes sift white bloom
Along the wayside hedges—
Pink honeysuckle scents the gloom
Beside the pond's damp edges.
Dogwood is dancing all day long,
And the woodland is seeming
Beneath the fluting south-wind's song
Old orchards, fraught with dreaming.

Thick set are thorny wild-plum sweet,
And haw and elderberry—
With strawberries climbing at their feet,
And hand in hand with cherry.
Old orchards planted by that hand
That sends them sun and shower—
And sows the wild, forgotten land
In perfumed fruit and flower.

By hill and dale I wander down,
By little vale and meadow,
By ponds where fleeting clouds are blown
From shadow unto shadow.
And every where I turn my feet
Through woodland ways beguiling,
The orchards blossom thick and sweet,
In dew and sunshine smiling.

They climb the hillslopes, pink and white,
And in the valleys cluster—
Rivaling the timid stars at night,
Drinking the low moon's lustre.
I think He must take joy in those
That bloom unknown, untended—
And maybe walks beneath their boughs
When the long day is ended.

The Silent Pool

Sometimes, when life seems cloudywise,
And troubles darkly winging
Fill all the earth with horrid cries,
That should be sweet with singing,
I slip away from paths of men,
And through the blackberry brier,
By dale and down and boggy fen,
And thickets deep in mire,
Until in shadows green and cool,
I find my lonely, silent pool.

Here placid lies the water blue,
With fleeting white clouds in it.
And decked in every glowing hue,
Dart oriole and linnet.
And redbirds come in legion down,
To flirt with their reflections,
While blackbirds, thrushes, jays are sown
Like gems in all directions.
And hummingbirds in silk costume,
Tremble and whirr where mallows bloom.

There is no scent by man distilled
Half the pure perfume holding
As that with which the wood is filled,
And half burst buds are folding.
And here dark troubles sail away,
And worry turns to smiling,
And gentle peace comes hovering down,
In nature's gay beguiling.
And thus with dreams and fancies bright,
The silent pool sets all things right.

A Song for the Weary

You that are weary, lift your eyes
Unto the hills afar,
Beneath the tender leaning skies,
Where God's own orchards are.
Where dogwood through the shadowy aisle
Sift down their fragrant snow—
And kissing earth's soft breast the while,
Wild-plum in thickets blow.
In secret do they bud and flower,
In golden silence deep,
With only birds to tell the hour,
The moon to bid them sleep.

You that are weary, lift your eyes
Where in the perfumed gloom,
White as the stars that climb the skies,
Foam-flower shakes out it's bloom.
Where round the great oak's shaggy knees,
With showers of rose and pearl,
Sweet-hearted for the wandering bees,
Frail primroses unfurl.
Down sunny and down shadowed way,
Along the hill's green breast,
The wind goes softly all the day,
And sings God's song of rest.

Worshippers

Over the deep sky white clouds drift and dream,
Across the meadows slide their shadows thin—
Upon the white flowered grass, with silvered gleam
The wind steps softly, as one does within
Some holy place, and whispers in my ear,
“Be glad, be glad today, for God is here.”

Somewhere far off a solemn church bell tolls,
And people go their several ways to church,
Seeking a sure salvation for their souls;
And here I lie, beneath this lacy birch,
While the lark mounting, carols clear,
“Be glad, today—today—for God is here.”

The sunshine faltering through the shining leaves,
In a rare pattern falls upon the grass.
A priceless altar-lace its bright thread weaves,
Where one might murmur mass.
And the blue sky seems hushed and leaning near,
As if to breathe, “Be glad—for God is here.”

The Mist

I am the mist that is fleetly kissed
By the lips of dawn—
My bosom is white as a still, high night
That the moon looked on.
The night-wind cold that would fain enfold
My dreaming cannot shake.
But the dawn's warm kiss is the longed for bliss,
That my heart's white fires awake.
The last star glows in a silver shower,
And slowly I bloom like an opening flower.

I came last night from a sea wave bright,
Where I dwelt in the spray.
And high to the crest of the mountain's breast,
I found my way.
There cradled soft in the light aloft
Of the moon, I dreamed of him
Who conquers the shades in the deepest glades,
And makes the stars grow dim.
The sea's faint music is in my ear,
But the lark in the cloud I long to hear.

With the whitest of pearls have I bound my curls,
Like an amber sea,
And ruby red is the aura shed
By the dawn round me.
All purple and gold my scarves enfold,
With opals and turquoise sown,
And with tourmaline and the emerald green,
I girdle my lovely zone.
And all that I may be fair to see
When the winged Dawn comes seeking me.

Road Song

Road, road, whither away,
Down through the dell in the hollow?
Down through the pines where the deep shadows stay,
Lulled by the song they sing as they sway
Out of the warmth of the sunshiny day,
And oh, I cannot but follow.
Road you're a vagrant, and idle I know,
But it's where you are going that I want to go.

Road, road, whither along,
Up the hill where the sun is all golden?
The dogwoods are dancing, a stiff skirted throng,
And the wind goes a-wooing with laughter and song,
And a redbird is leading you on, ever on.
All are sprites that the wood airs embolden.
Ah yes, I grow weary and dusty and worn,
But the spirit still leads me past noontide and morn.

Road, road, when do you stay?
Never until tomorrow.
Your dress is so ragged but broidered so gay,
You're down at the heel but you laugh it away,
And gallantly venture still further each day,
With a jest to drown care or sorrow.
Road, if I follow through sunshine and rain,
Oh, say, will you ever lead homeward again?

In Gran'ma's Kitchen

Outside the world is cold and bleak and bare,
The cattle to the sheltered corners keep,
But here a mellow breath is in the air,
The kettle singing and the cat asleep.
The fire snaps cheerily, and with drowsy mien
The old clock ticks with sleepy pause between.

Blue plates wink brightly on a handy shelf,
And from the cooky crock a sweet smell steals.
Upon the sill a red flower blooms, itself
Reminder of bright days and sunny fields.
And dropping slowly in the west, the day
Draws longer shades and softly fades away.

The lamp is lighted, and with apron on
Gran'ma steps briskly round and skims the milk.
With fresh-made bread, and scent of cinnamon
The air is odorous, and soft as silk.
With opened door an icy blast blows in
Cutting the warmth with knife-blade sharp and thin.

The hired boy comes from his feeding chore,
And eats huge cookies as he warms himself.
And with delight that the hard day is o'er
Gran'pa takes down his old pipe from the shelf.
And nodding by the fire, he smiles and sighs
To see the sweet content in Gran'ma's eyes.

God's Hills

Against the blue shine the eternal hills,
With heads uplifted to the changing sky.
In their deep laps the little valleys lie,
Lush in green garlands, gemmed with glittering
rills—

Star-flowered, and star-guarded, overhung
By the mist veils that round the hills are flung.

Up the hill sides the forest reaches climb,
Where the dark shadows dwell—by fen and
pool,

They sigh and sway in silver silence cool,
And hear but echoes of the world's wild rhyme.
The shyest birds find harbor here, and deep
In slothful ease the waterlilies sleep.

The sun in the warm valleys lives all day,
And the winds roam at will—The cloud leans
down

To trail in every stream her shining gown—
Here nests the wood-lark, the kingfisher gay.
A brooding sense of peace the sweet air fills,
And over all watch the eternal hills.

When Twilight Falls

The garden's wrapped in fragrance,
From dewy bud and bloom,
And moths come wending softly
Through tender summer gloom.
The last light lingers in the west,
Faint as a candle glow,
And one by one upon the sky,
The stars begin to show.

The children romp and tumble,
In the cool wind and dew,
And on the steps in gathering dusk,
I sit and watch with you.
Contentment seems to dwell with us,
And Love to hold us thralls,
As side by side we watch and dream,
When Twilight softly falls.

Spring Night

Only a faint rose flush across the west,
With still bare trees against a pale smoke sky,
Sketched deep in black. Birds home in circles
fly,

With flickering wings, to barren woods for rest.
In lightest green hillsweep and vale are dressed,
And here and there like stars in blue disguise,
Wild violets look out with dewy eyes,
Earth's fairest, whom she treasures 'gainst her
breast.

Night comes across the sky, and velvet deep,
The dusk sinks slowly, as the eyes in sleep.
Frogs start their drowsy song, to lull the ear,
And spring and night have wrapped the world
from fear.

Slumber Song

Sleep and slumber, dream and rest,
Softly, slowly, falls the night;
Sinks the red sun in the west
In a pool of light.
Shadow falls o'er dale, o'er hill,
Clearly calls the whippoorwill,
Sleep and slumber, dream and rest,
Baby mine.

Sleep and slumber, dream and rest,
All the sky with stars is strewn;
And the fragrant night is pressed
Closer 'neath the moon.
Soft the wind is singing "sleep,"
Where the laughing waters leap.
Sleep and rest in your nest,
Baby mine.

Sleep and dream, little one,
In these arms that hold you close.
Playtime ends with fading sun,
Daytime with the rose.
Dreaming on my heart you lie,
While the moon drifts down the sky.
Sleep and rest, slumber's best,
Baby mine.

Home

The moor is barren and cold and bleak,
Where the wind runs all the night.
In sudden gusts on my stinging cheek
The rain whips by in flight—
But ah, in yonder warm sheltered cove,
Is my wee little cot and the eyes I love.

Like a white toothed wolf the wild wind tears
At my throat, and the wayside stones
Are knives that the hungry barren wears—
How the stunted pine tree moans.
But I laugh at the wind, it is helpless quite,
For I'm going home to my love tonight.

Oh, many the day I must labor long
In places strange and far;
But my little cot lives in my heart like a song,
And your eyes like a calling star.
Oh, tender your smile as you open the door,
When I come home from the wind whipped moor.

My Beloved

Oh, my beloved, through the dusky sky,
Night softly folds her fluttering wings adown.
Through pale etched paths dim dusty moths go by,
Where fragrant flowers have blown—
And one by one upon the glooming sky,
The winking stars are sown.
Through purpling shadow goes the fragrant feet,
Of the frail night-wind, sweet.

Oh, my beloved, put those white flowers by—
They are not sweeter than your lifted face.
And any star that glows upon the sky,
Your eyes dim in its place—
And from your hands that all so gently lie,
The moth might learn of grace.
Life holds no thing more wonderful to me,
Than your tranquillity.

Love's Garment

There never was thing so sweet as love,
No matter how far you go;
Follow the road from town to hill,
And into the valley below,
And on to the end of the world, but never
A deeper joy can you know.

It is a garment of God's own gift,
And not to so lightly don,
But lovingly, and prayerfully,
And tenderly put on;
And lo—no matter how cold the day,
Love's warmth will keep you warm.

No matter how dark the clouds may be,
How frowning the somber sky—
Clasp love around you in your need,
And secure, watch fear slip by—
And yonder in a rack of cloud,
A great star glows on high.

The Sleeping Wind

By a silver stream whose bank is green,
Where first spring flowers awaken,
The dogwood blows her faery snows,
And willow locks are shaken.
Deep in the fern on a feathery throne,
The wind is sleeping, alone—alone.

The young pines sigh for her passing by,
The little new leaves are weeping;
But shadows stand on either hand,
Guarding the wind's light sleeping.
Steadfast they watch where she lies alone—
And dogwood snow on her breast is blown.

The dews still gem each bud and stem,
And Echo grieves in vain.
For none can brave the shadows grave,
And waken the wind again.
In the ferns so deep, the sunbeams peep,
But tiptoe away lest they break her sleep.

But listen—what golden flute can be
Piped in this little grove?
The mockingbird in the dogwood tree,
Is telling the world his love.
And the wind awakes from her ferny bed,
To throw a kiss to the bird o'er head.

The crouching shadows slip away,
The pines take up their song.
The sunbeams flock to the fern to play
In a shimmering golden throng.
And all the flowers in the forest shake
With merriest mirth, for the wind's awake.

Petit Jean

Do you know that narrow valley where the Petit Jean is flowing,
 'Neath shadowing hills enfolded in a shining purple shroud?
There azaleas pink are budding, and the yellow jessamines blowing,
 And a cool wind leans at noontide from a silver breasted cloud.
Faint and clear across the highlands comes the sound of cattle lowing,
 And the wild plums glow like orchards in fertile vales between.
Wrapped in foamy lace of music swift, clear Petit Jean is flowing,
 By the crags tall painted towers, and the woodland's sunlit green.

Do you know the sweeping fragrance that the night-wind wafts before,
 From the cedared slopes, and flowered meads and banks of Petit Jean?
There the stars come thickly, softly out of heaven's open door,
 And bull-bats dive and swoop and skim above the water's sheen.
O, so sweet the scent of earth is, when the bright, cold dew is falling,
 So sweet the sense of perfect peace beneath God's watch, serene,
When through thickening dusk of twilight a lone whippoorwill is calling,
 And the faeries paddle down those tides of singing Petit Jean.

Petit Jean, I've longed so for you, with your rippling, running tune,
 And so barren and unfruitful are the years that stretch between.
I have thirsted just to see the shallop of the questing moon,
 Drift out upon your laughing, dancing waters, Petit Jean—
I have hungered just to stand upon your foam flecked rocky shore,
 To feast my eyes upon the hills that round your valley lean—
But I'm happy now forever, and I'll never sorrow more,
 For at last I'm coming home to you, my bonny Petit Jean.

To You

You that I love with all my heart of fire,
You that I love with my still soul's white flame,
Will the day come that brings me my desire,
To hear you call my name?
Nay—it delays, but still I sing, I sing,
Till all the world must know it to be true,
“Fame is a bright toy, wealth a wondrous thing,
But oh, I'd rather just be loving you.”

Time flies so fast, I'll soon be old and gray,
What matter it when I can love you still?
Still I can sing the sliding hours away,
Though withered as an old dead daffodil.
Still will my love burn on unquenchable—
Fresh as a new spring flower in the dew.
Life is so strange, and death inevitable,
And through it all I'll still be loving you.

Beauty

Ah, foolish ones, that seek for Beauty far
In strange and foreign clime,
Know then, that beauty dwells where e'er we are,
Even in the clear light of that high star,
As in the thrush's rhyme.
She sits enthroned upon the sunset's glow
Where the deep piled clouds lie—
In every little puddle that, though low
Reflects its bit of sky.

She leans to see her face in every pool
Where rushes sing and sway—
Her breath is one with the sweet night-wind, cool
And robed in gray
She walks upon the edges of the dawn,
Against the farthest hill—
Her lips are those of the new rose, whereon
The dew lies dreaming still.

Beauty smiles here, beneath the floating cloud,
Upon the fields at noon—
Where the rain shakes its silk skirts, low then
loud,
I hear her laughter croon—
No matter where we are, nor what faint way
Our feet must tread apace,
Whatever God has made in night or day,
Is clad in Beauty's grace.

No More

No more, no more the moon shall kiss the sea,
And I look on alone—

No more I'll find but grief and tears,
Those sad companions of the years,
To bear me woeful company
When the long day is done.

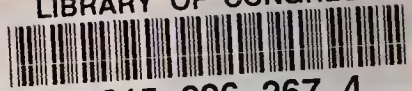
No more life's tides that darkly race
Shall sweep all hope away—
Out of the strange, dim track of space
Turned to my face is one kind face,
I've found a friend today.

No more, no more the dew at eve shall fall,
Chill as an icy hand—

No more shall I look out at night
Alone, to watch the swooping flight
Of the lone night-hawk whose shrill call
Chimes o'er the listening land.

No more the red dawn, breaking far
No promise sweet shall send—
No more I walk where shadows are;
Out of my night shines forth a star;
Today I found a friend.

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